

# The Musical World.

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**MADemoiselle COULON** begs to acquaint her Friends and Pupils that she has returned to town to resume her professional engagements—22, Great Marlborough-street.

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## MOZART'S "DON GIOVANNI."

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

## LIGHT AND SHADE.

At the very moment in which the composer had made his choice of a poem, a black-sealed letter was handed to him. It announced the death of his father—a father who had been his teacher, his guide for twenty years, and his inseparable companion in his youthful triumphs. This event, natural and easily foreseen as it may have been, must have made a strong expression upon Mozart's loving soul and mind already familiar with the most mournful thoughts. But look at him a few months later, when he has come back to his beloved Prague, which idolizes him, and where one feast, one concert follows close upon another, cheered by the enthusiasm which he has himself inspired, droller than ever in his talk, more wonderful than ever at his pianoforte. Hundreds, perhaps thousands of confidential friends surround him; the whole city is his confidential friend. He finds himself in the midst of a *troupe* of Italian singers, pleasant brothers and young amateurs from the first classes, who gather round him every day, as round the central point of business and enjoyment, each emulous to be the first to try and appreciate the new masterpiece, or to salute each newly finished number with a libation of champagne. A baptism entirely worthy of a "Don Juan" no one will deny. Mozart gratefully acknowledges the bumpers tendered at the hand of friendship, and undoubtedly some love affairs are going on in secret at the same time. Visits, pleasure parties, musical evenings, confidential sessions round the punch-bowl, and finally rehearsals, claim his entire day. As usual, only the night remains to him for writing. But then the scene is changed; all the laughing images of the day have vanished; all the jovial noise is silenced; Mozart is alone, and he sits behind two wax candles at his work-table, busy with his score. The October wind whistles in his ears to the accompaniment of dead leaves rustling to the ground. Shuddering he feels the moment of his daily change draw nigh. The planet, whose rotation leads his intellectual life, turns to him the night-side of its disk, on which the self-same image is continually impressed. He would fain flee from this unavoidable image; he writes down the jovial, erotic or grotesque inspirations, which the impressions of the day have awakened and already matured in his head. He writes, but suddenly it occurs to him that the hero of the piece, the living type of all the joys of earth, is a young man doomed to the grave, into which he must descend in the midst of the greatest activity of his corruptible and too seductive genius. But is not this genius that of the composer himself, which has now reached its culminating point? Must it not, now that it has by such immense proportions overstepped all known limits, react in a destructive manner on the composer, as well as upon that form? did not the same fate await them both? With these thoughts of the grave, which the sleepiness consequent upon too long waking had perhaps shaped into images, would the solitude of the composer people itself with phantoms. Now calls to him the shade of his father through the voice of the Commendatore; now appears the beloved Muse, that binds him so firmly to this life, pale, with dishevelled hair, in loose mourning robes, under the features of Donna Anna, and whispers to him a farewell, such as only could be heard and repeated by himself (in the Sextet: "Lascia almen alla mia pena," &c.) Thus the impressions of the day furnished the lights; those of the night the shadows.

We cannot but be struck beyond measure, when we see the wonderful relation of the thoughts of the poem not only with the deepest and most special individuality of Mozart, but also with the accidental causes which placed him, the composer, in circumstances and states of mind so fully analogous with the numerous and very contradictory requirements of his work. We turn to others, not less important circumstances.

## FIRST INTERPRETERS AND PUBLIC.

The only public in Europe, which perfectly understood Mozart's music, was that of Prague; they alone regarded the

man with the eyes of posterity. "Anything from Mozart will always be sure to please the Bohemians," said the Chapellmaster Strohbach to our hero. And Mozart answered, "Since the Bohemians understand me so well, I will write an opera on purpose for them." The orchestra, which played the overture to *Don Juan* at sight, and to the satisfaction of the master, was an orchestra such as it would be hard to find a second in the world. To complete the concurrence of all fortunate circumstances, fate offered Mozart a *troupe* of Italian singers, who understood music; a *prima donna*, Teresa Saporeti, who must have had a remarkably flexible voice, since the part of Anna, in which so many singers fail, was written for her. The tenor was a Signor Baglioni, whose part of Ottavio shows him to have possessed fine means. On the other hand, we must infer, that in a score, containing not a single number in which dramatic truth and expression are sacrificed to any subordinate end, the Prague company must have been as tractable as it was well made up. Mozart was the favourite of the public, a *maestro* who brought in large receipts. His will therefore was law. The principal rôle was assigned to a young man of most elegant form and two and twenty years, who was as good an actor and a singer as the part required. If we may trust the tradition and the portrait of Signor Bassi, in the costume of Don Juan, the devil of seduction never had a worthier representative in the opera. Happy, thrice happy are those friends of music, who have seen Don Juan by a Bassi, or by a Garcia, a Spaniard, like the person represented. For myself, who have not been so fortunate, I have ever kept the work in my imagination, to compensate me for having heard it in Russian, in Italian, in German theatres, abroad and in our two principal cities. I have seen at least one and twenty persons attempt or parody the part of Don Giovanni. All of them were unendurable, and each in his peculiar way. Not the least intelligence, not the slightest understanding of the part. One made Don Juan a street-brawler, and a man only addicted to bad habits; another, a lack-a-daisical, *blasé* dandy; a third, a disgusting sentimental coxcomb; while a fourth made a Jack-pudding of him, jumping about on the stage, and making *entrechats* in the allegro of "La ci darem." Again, another went behind the scenes, to rub his face with powder, so as to look awfully frightened when the statue appeared; whereby the statue and the orchestra were obliged to wait some minutes and refresh themselves in the mean time with the jeers of the *parterre*. I could call all these gentlemen by name, but some of them are already dead; so peace to their ashes: the rest are old and have retired from the stage; so peace to their infirmity.

How is it possible to be so void of mind and understanding as to parody in this way a form, whose every motion is graceful, whose every attitude a study for the painter, every look seductive and like sparkling lightning; all which you find expressed plainly enough in the melody and in the rhythm? Giovanni must so bear himself, that the peace of a woman and the life of a man are never secure, from the moment he approaches; in such wise, that his demoniacal grandeur may maintain itself with some air of probability in the face of death and hell, who come to claim him. But if our actors do not comprehend this, let them at least comprehend, that Don Juan is a *cavaliero*, a nobleman of refined manners, who has nothing in common with a *bursch-icose* student, with the customers in Auerbach's cellar, notoriously regaled by Mephistopheles.

The reader must pardon this digression of bitter recollection on the part of a lover of music, who for twenty years has not had the good fortune to have seen a Don Juan, nor an Ottavio, for an Anna, nor an Elvira, nor a Zerlina in the work which he is analyzing, and who is indebted solely to a reading of the score for an idea of all these characters. In one single instance I thought I recognized Leporello under the mask of Zamboni; but alas! this decaying Leporello impressed one as if born before his father, and his singing had got to be scarcely audible.

One circumstance, however, consoles me, and must console a thousand music-lovers, who have not seen Don Juan better performed than I have; namely, the difficulty and perhaps the impossibility of putting this opera upon the stage in an entirely satisfactory manner. This opera suffers in regard to scenic effect, through one main fault. There are no subordinate rôles.



All the *roles* and all the parts, with the exception of Masetto's, are of the highest importance; all require dramatic and musical talents of the first rank; and if we add to this a remarkably fine exterior for Don Juan, a thundering bass and a monumental statue for the Commendatore—peculiarities which those parts peremptorily require in the interests of material illusion and of moral probability—then we ask, where shall we beat up three male singers, and as many *prima donnas*, who would correspond even remotely to the idea of these six persons, each of which is the type of a class.

My readers may conceive of the extraordinary good fortune which came to the aid of Mozart, when he created the opera of operas, the masterpiece of masterpieces. A subject, richer and more happily chosen than any possible lyric-dramatic stuff, a universal subject, like the genius who fructified it; a concurrence of circumstances, which exposed the musicians personally to the manifold and contrasted impressions, whose organ and interpreter he was called to be; an Italian *troupe* of the end of the eighteenth century, which was hardy enough to attack the most learned score in existence, and musically cultivated enough to come off with honour from what is even to-day a difficult study; singers, male and female, who seem to have been made for their parts; an incomparable orchestra; and, for the understanding of all that, an audience consisting of enthusiastic friends, who were thirty years in advance of all Europe in the power of appreciating a wonderful work! Never was a composer less limited by difficulties and local considerations, or more inspired and free to follow his own inspirations; never have so many happy circumstances conspired in favour of a work, and we may perhaps presume, there never will again.

#### FIRST SCENE—LEPORELLO—TRIO OF BASSES.

The curtain rustles up, and I invite my readers to an ideal representation of the *Don Juan*, to a play with which criticism can find no fault. The actors and actresses, physically and morally, form a unity with the characters. With wonderful voices and a classic school they shall sing as one only hopes to hear in fancy. The orchestra, composed purely of *virtuosi*, who by an almost fabulous exception are as good *ripienists* as they are *symphonists*, shall never once miss a quarter note or an eighth pause. The decorations shall be truer and more beautiful than nature itself. Finally you shall find in me one of those serviceable and chatty neighbours, with whom perhaps it sometimes happens that they understand what they explain.

The play begins; we see before us the garden of a Spanish villa; on the right a trellis, the facade of a house; on the left in the background a pavilion surrounded with orange trees and flowers. Aurora just begins to show the smallest of her rosy fingers in the heavens; an individual keeps watch before the pavilion. The beginning of our opera is as modest as Virgil's *Arma virumque cano*. This person is no other than a servant, who wishes his absent master to all the devils, in return for the humours which he must put up with every day; "Notte e giorno faticar," a melody, that tilts upon the intervals of the chord without any harmony. This insolent blockhead puts on an air of consequence; he too will be a gentleman and outbid the orchestra with this ludicrous declaration of independence. Excellent forsooth! A stupid, shameless lacquey, who in his own soliloquy does not deny himself to be a babler and a boaster. Steps are heard approaching; the ass changes or lowers his voice and thinks now only of the safety of his ears. Amid a heavy explosion of the orchestra appear Giovanni and Anna, rushing out from the pavilion. How wonderfully beautiful are they both! He holds up his mantle to conceal his face, but betrays his incognito by the nobility of his bearing and his movements; compelled to flee, he is agreeably held back by the small hand, which fancies itself strong enough to detain him; trembling, with dishevelled hair, half clad, she clings convulsively to the fearful being, whose breath could annihilate her. "Non sperar se non m'uccidi!" a splendid terzet. What an expression and what strength in the melody; what an energetic pulsation in the rhythm! As this music chases the swift hot blood through the hearer's veins, enters the father of Anna from the door at the

left, not in his shirt and night-cap, as he is so often represented, but wrapped in a Spanish mantle, his head uncovered, and in his hand a torch which lights up his venerable countenance, inflamed with noble indignation. Whether from pride or pity, it matters not, Don Juan, for the first time in his life, declines to fight. The Commander calls him a coward. I a coward! cries Don Juan. There are no words or pantomime which can describe the musical exaltation in his answer. "Misero!" a prolonged exclamation of contempt and pity, which the thunder accompanies; "attendi," two monotonous half notes, followed by a pause; then the mournful cadence in the minor upon "se vuoi morir." These words have already stricken the hapless old man from the list of the living. Their swords cross; sparkling, upward sweeps of tone dart from the orchestra; both arms are outstretched, and shorten themselves in reversed order; steel strikes steel and sparks fly 'mid the ring of weapons. The battle alas! is too unequal and lasts but a moment. Giovanni's arm (the stroke of the violins) seeks the place of the heart, the thrusts fall thicker and ever closer to their marks. One, two, three, and the sword opens the deadly wound; the bass, which had taken three steps backward, falls upon the heart-rending hold, which its last movement has called forth. It were not possible for imitative music to go further, for it is undeniable that the analogy is much stronger in illusion here, than the real image of the transaction imitated, which you have before your eyes. Two actors, be they ever so experienced fencers, will never strike so naturally as it is done in the orchestra, with the intent to kill at any price. The key and tempo are changed; from D minor, through an imperceptible though very swift transition we are brought into F minor; slowly divided trios succeed to the lightning-like thirty-seconds, and the octave of the horns prolongs itself like a groaning echo, rising from the gaping breast of the old man. "Ah soccorso!" Here the scenic picture contends with the musical. The imposing figure of Giovanni shows itself in the score immovable, deeply buried in his mantle, thoughtful, with a contemptuous expression, and yet agitated. He bears the Cain's mark on his brow. At his feet lies the commander stretched out, with one hand supporting himself upon the ground, and the other, full of blood, pressed upon his wound; with a voice, that fails him more and more, he invokes help against death, that already begins to disfigure his features and stiffen his limbs. As a foil to these, you see the expressive mask of Leporello, on which are depicted, in terrible excess, astonishment, fear, sympathy, and horror. These three melodies of contrasted basses loom up in a sublime group on the ground-work of a very close accompaniment. The vocal song has ceased, and the last spark of life expires in the *ritornel*.

#### DONNA ANNA.

We have recommended the director and *capellmeister* of our *troupe* to pass immediately from this mournful *terzette* to the second scene, which in this way will be appended to the introduction. Instead of letting Giovanni and Leporello exchange some insignificant talk here wholly out of place, they make the best of their escape in silence, and Donna Anna appears at once with Ottavio and the attendants. She finds only the dead body of her father. The alarm proceeding from the violas, and answered with a mournful cry by the suddenly awakened orchestra, rises at the moment when the torches illumine the place of mourning. "Padre! caro Padre!" Is it for us to depict this energy, which is even more exalted in her sorrow than in her anger, these fiery words choked by tears; this ever increasing heaviness of heart, which seems every moment as if it must break against the extremest limits of woe, and in the next moment awakens in us still more bitter moral pangs: "Quel sangue—Quella piaga—Quel volto—tinto e coperto del color di morte;" and then this heart, which suddenly ceases to beat and becomes as icy cold as that of the corpse: "E' non respira piu . . . Fredde le membra!" Has not every one felt this shuddering charm himself? How then can he desire us to make many words about the recitative of Donna Anna? Anna is the highest image of genius in the portrayal of tragic passions; she is the sublime tragedy of flesh and bones. To represent Anna

perfectly, we need no less than our imaginary *prima donna*: a lady, who is the finest of her sex, the greatest tragic actress, and the first singer in the world.

*DON OTTAVIO.*

The recitative, which we have just heard, would have been the despair and almost the failure of any composer but Mozart. The scene ends with a duet, and if the end crowns not the work, it spoils it. But Mozart did not spoil it. The poet had given him a splendid frame-work, and that was enough for him; the duet of duets follows quite naturally upon the recitative of recitatives. But before hearing this duet, let us speak a little of Anna's partner, who therein makes his *début*. Ottavio is the person, whom the critics seem least to have understood, because they have regarded his dramatic significance. True love, that feeling which lifts us so high in our own eyes and in the estimation of the lady whom we love, does not always suffice to raise us so high in the estimation of the world. In romance and even in the drama love creates its heroes only with the aid of the moral peculiarities, which it develops and sets in action. In reality, as in poetry, to be anything, one must bring something to pass: a fine action, a fine book, a fine score, a fine painting, or at least a fine dress; or one must possess something: a hundred thousand pounds income for example; or one must become something: a general, a minister, or at least an agricultural writer, who, in the want of an estate of his own to improve, writes articles in the journals. A man may have ever so much greatness of soul, yet so long as that does not manifest itself outwardly, were it only in deeds of failure, or in words which the wind bears away, he is ignored, and thought a dullard, to whom they ascribe at most large claims and little means. One does not interest rational readers merely by reading. Ottavio does nothing, or can do nothing, which amounts to the same thing in the end; and yet for all that he is just what he was, the intended husband of his lady love. For a romance or drama Ottavio were a sorry figure. The most eloquent analysis of his feelings which might occupy him, would not compensate for his inactivity. He loves; therein alone consists his talent, his only virtue; and neither of these is it possible fully to appreciate in the *libretto*, because we lack all proof or testimony, beyond the words he utters, which prove nothing. The composer alone had it in his power to furnish us a measure of this talent and this virtue; he alone could translate this feeling by an action, that is, by an aria, or a duet, and invest the same with all the probability and all the moral beauty which lie latent in it. Thus out of the poor Ottavio, in spite of his passive rôle, his fruitless zeal, and his continual entrance as a mere companion, if the musician pleased, there could be made the soundest tenor. The music revealed the mis-known man, and of the hero in his still life made a hero, who works upon all souls that come in contact with his own, through the might of a love which is thus laid open in its inmost principle. Let us consider him now in action in the duet.

Anna, whom the poet with true tact suffers to talk wild a moment after the fearful agitation of her mind in the recitative, thinks she sees the murderer of her father: "Fuggi, crudele, fuggi." Allegro in D minor. Ottavio's divinely modulated strain in the minor tone of the fifth and major tone of the third, full of the most inexpressible tenderness, brings the warmly beloved back to herself. "Guardami un sol istante." She looks at him and recognises him. "Ma il padre mio dov'è?" and the orchestra immediately takes up this proposition, which it comments upon and paints out in sombre colours; the fearful truth comes to light through the spiritual veil that covered it, "Hai sposo e padre in me," replies Ottavio. What loving protection, what enthusiastic devotion, what a consoling charm is breathed in that fall upon the seventh, in which the oboe takes the initiative! how ready is the tender Ottavio, how happy would he deem himself, to offer up his life and his soul, and more too, if it were possible, to dry the tears of Anna! "Swear," she says, in a few tones of commanding recitative, "swear to revenge my father." "Giuro, I swear," and the whole religion of love flows forth in this solemn and earnest oath (*Adagio*). The fire kindles up anew in Anna's heart (*tempo primo*); the

figures in two notes of the violins, which the flute answers in the octave, gleam like lightnings on the stormy horizon of the passions; their voices unite; chords of indescribably magical effect, instrumental responses, borrowed from the most mournful tones of the soul, accompany their passionate words and alternate with them. When the words of the oath return, Mozart produces the same thought under an entirely new aspect. This time he does not retard the *tempo*, and the most striking modulations follow blow upon blow. As much solemnity as there lay in the promise at first, so much impetuous energy and inspiration are expressed in it now. The magnanimous soul of Anna lifts her lover for the time being to the level of her own greatness; for resolution and heroism in Ottavio are only the reflex of that. He has nothing personal but his love: if to so many beauties we add the further one at the end of the piece, namely, the expressive and imitative passage, "Vammi ondeggiando il cor," the powerful syncopation of the following period, and the storm of the instruments, which roars on after the closing phrase, we have given a tolerably exact criterion of the most sublime of all duets that ever were composed or sung. The master himself has made no second that even remotely resembles this.

(To be continued.)

## CONVERSATIONS WITH ROSSINI.

BY FERDINAND HILLER.

Trouville-sur-Mer.\*

A MAGNIFICENT September morning! not a cloudlet in the blue sky. A fresh east wind ruffles the waves of the sea, which seems all the better for being slightly agitated. The graceful country-houses along the shore and on the heights appear as if they were gilt by the rays of the sun, while the charming gardens, with their luxuriant flower-beds, are decked out in their gayest colours. Large fishing smacks, with wide-spreading sails, are rocking all around upon the grayish deep. Opposite, are the white houses of Havre-de-Grâce, whence the black steamer is now hastening; to the left are the green hills, towering above the small local stream, the Touck, and in the middle is the endless blue and mystical line, on which, at long intervals, the eye of the curious observer can detect a sail or a light cloud of smoke. A beautiful sight, inspiring and elevating at the same time!

Trouville constitutes, in a peculiar manner, the medium between a fashionable bathing-place and a peaceable rustic retreat. Some enterprising individuals actually want to make it, in time, a considerable sea-port, but its fine sands will yet be often moistened by the sea and dried again ere it comes to this. No insignificant number of noble French families have settled here, some of them immediately on the shore, but naturally only for the fine summer months—the autumn takes away these very ill-used persons to the chace and their usual festivities, since, in winter, it is impossible for any one to live, properly so speaking, out of Paris. The celebrated Chancellor Pasquier, now eighty-six, comes here every year, and the saloons of the Countess of B., his old friend, are among the most interesting in France. Well-to-do, and respected families from Caen and Lisieux, regard Trouville as their country-seat, and the steamer brings visitors from Havre two or three times a-day. A kind of *Curhaus*, or sanitary establishment, serves to assemble a part of the visitors, especially in the middle of the day and the evening. It is very pretty, but furnished without any attempt at luxury. It contains a large number of French papers, and a few English ones; a billiard-room; a ball-room, where balls are given and where the company meet until late twice a-week; and rooms in which dancing and music lessons are given; but no restaurant, properly so speaking. A certain sum is paid for admission into the saloon—but, as no gaming-hells are allowed at these watering-places in immoral France, this cannot well be obviated.† A

\* By an unaccountable error, the first chapter of the *Conversations* themselves, instead of this *Introduction* to them, was inserted in the *Musical World* last week.

† This is plainly a sarcastic allusion to the gaming-hells still allowed in moral Germany.—TRANSLATOR.



covered terrace, with the most lovely prospect of the sea and Havre sweeps in a semicircle round the building; on it, people embroider, chat, play whist and dominoes, read, smoke, lounge about, and perform other useful operations of the same kind. In addition to all this, the country, both far and near, around Trouville, affords opportunities for walks and little excursions, interesting both historically and agriculturally, as well as in the point of view of natural history. If a man only bring with him unchanging health, and an unchanging pocket-book, he can pass his time admirably.

Among the guests stopping here, General Monet, wounded at the first attack on the Malakoff, on the 18th June, absorbed no inconsiderable share of the public interest. His physiognomy and whole appearance are thoroughly stamped with a character of the most simple honesty and absence of pretension, combined, however, with the greatest intelligence. Of the campaign in the Crimea, of the various persons engaged there, of the dangers and toils that have already been overcome, and those which are yet to be surmounted, he spoke with the greatest simplicity and frankness. After hearing, after listening to him an hour, you went away with no very flattering idea of the information conveyed by the newspapers. Many of my readers will be pleased at being informed that the General's mother is a German lady, who, now that her husband is dead, has again taken up her residence in Germany. It is also the General's intention to make a sojourn in that country until he is completely restored to health.\*

But the great "lion" of all the visitors stopping in the place was, without the shadow of a doubt, "the swan of Pesaro," Gioachino Rossini. For a quarter of a century his name has certainly been greater than that of any other composer in the eyes of Frenchmen, and neither his absence from France, nor his inactivity, has wrought any change. The so-called musical revolution dates from his first appearance in Paris, and in praise of his revolution even ultra-royalists and republicans are united. Indeed, there is not a country, where the music of Western Europe is appreciated and performed, that can show a name more generally known than his, while, probably, a more popular opera than the *Barber of Seville* never existed. With all the love and respect we Germans feel for our great masters, even the most inearnate classicist will not be unjust enough not to acknowledge Rossini's great genius, and the faults with which, partly from a national and partly from an ideal point of view, we reproach him, will be greatly lessened in our minds, if we judge him as an Italian composer in comparison with his predecessors and compatriots. But it is not the object of these lines to pursue such disquisitions—they are merely intended to relate what an extraordinary sensation this celebrated man excited in the place—a kind of sensation in which curiosity and respect were blended, and which, in the case of all those who became more intimately acquainted with him, was increased by really affectionate interest. His winning individuality, combined with his ailing state of health, rendered both great and small subject to him. New comers, or travellers merely passing through the place, watched for a favourable opportunity of seeing him; the residents talked of nothing so much as of him, and, if he did not show himself for half-a-day, people enquired about him with as much interest as they would have done about the latest news from Sebastopol.

A fearfully large number of fabulous reports have been circulated, during the course of the summer, concerning the state of Rossini's health. The fact of his having taken four weeks, his own carriage, and post-horses, to travel from Florence to Paris, afforded matter for all kinds of interpretations. That he, then, at a moment when all Europe was pouring towards the French capital, found the place not bearable, made people believe they were bound to give him up without hope. The simple explanation of these eccentricities is, that Rossini's nervous system is very much shaken, and that the noise of the locomotive is, for him, as insupportable as that which reigned this year in the streets of Paris. When a man has composed

operas during twenty entire years, and been worshipped during five-and-forty, it is really not surprising that he should feel somewhat worn out. But a Nabob is a Nabob, even after losing two or three thousand thalers, and, in the same manner, Rossini's mind is still what it always was: his wit, his memory, his lively powers of narration are undiminished. As he has written nothing for twenty years, he has, at least, not given any one the right of asserting that his musical genius has deteriorated—the last work he wrote was *Guillaume Tell*.

Rossini is now sixty-three years of age. His features are tolerably unchanged. It would be no easy matter to find a more intelligent face—a more delicately chiseled nose—a more persuasive mouth—a more expressive eye—or a more magnificent forehead. His physiognomy is stamped with southern vivacity, truly eloquent in joke or anger, and irresistible in the expression of irony, humour, and roguishness. His voice is no less agreeable than flexible, and no inhabitant of the South of Germany could appear more good-naturedly sweet to the ear of a native of the Northern provinces than Rossini, if he likes. He possesses the most social disposition imaginable. I believe he will never be tired of having persons around him, to chat, tell stories, and—what is far more advantageous for them—to listen to him. In addition to this, he possesses that equal temperament to be found only in the natives of the South; for children and old men, for nobles and plebeians, he has always got a fitting word, without changing his own behaviour in the least. His is one of those happy natures, in which everything is inherent, and all modifications produced organically of their own accord. There is nothing violent either in his music or in himself—and this it is which has won so many hearts.

The respect paid him in this place was manifested in every possible way. At concerts and other such like entertainments, the middle seat upon the first row was always given up to him; whenever he sat down on the terrace, the handsomest and most elegant women assembled around, for the purpose of cockering him up. A high magisterial personage from Caen very seriously asked me my opinion as to which of the newly-commenced streets of Trouville was the best adapted for being decorated with the name of Rossini. The story of M. Cuiller, a tailor, who had the honour of making a pair of trousers for him is really very comical. On bringing them home, M. Cuiller modestly begged for permission to put upon his signboard the honourable inscription: "Tailor to M. Rossini." "What are you thinking about?" said Rossini. "Just look at me. I look like a butler-man. You will lose your artistic reputation if you ever do such a thing." The tailor would not, however, listen to reason; he begged and prayed, the maestro laughed, the tailor triumphed, and, at present, the traveller perceives in the principal street of Trouville a sign with the inscription:

CUILLER,  
TAILLEUR DE M. G. ROSSINI.

I had been introduced to Rossini, when I went to Paris as a very young man. Both there, and subsequently, at Milan, I saw a great deal of him, and, at all times and in all places, he manifested the greatest good-will and interest towards me. During the two or three weeks that I stayed in Trouville, I passed most of my time in his society. We used to walk, for hours together, up and down the little terrace overlooking the sea, only interrupting our lounge, to play a game at dominoes at most. We hardly ceased talking even for this serious game, and Rossini was quite as inexhaustible in his communications as insatiable in his questions and enquiries concerning the facts and persons of which and whom I could give him any information. Although, for want of a good instrument, I could manage to play for him only a few times, music and musicians formed the principal subject of our conversations. As I have before stated, Rossini's memory is unusually good—his knowledge of the most different works and composers far greater than what the majority of German musicians would imagine—while his judgment always struck me as sharp, intelligent, and impartial; he knows how to dive into the merits of everything and to be just to every one. That he has

\* As is well known, the General has since been appointed Director of the School of St. Cyr, and, besides, is a happy husband.

seen, heard, and experienced an endless succession of interesting facts is, with such a career, only natural. I think that I shall be doing a pleasure to many an artist and lover of music, if, while it is still floating freshly before my mind, I put down upon paper what particularly interested, as well as amused me, in Rossini's communications. I shall be forgiven for introducing myself as a speaking personage, for I shall do so as little as possible. It was not a course of lectures which the maestro delivered—but one word gave rise to another, and I can only convey the unconstrained, aphoristic character of our conversations, springing first from one subject and then from another, in their original form, if I would not make too great a jumble of it altogether. I will answer for one thing, which is, after all, the principal point; and that is: I never attribute to the maestro anything at all material that is of my own invention.

(To be continued.)

## OPERA AND DRAMA.

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

(Continued from page 707.)

### CHAPTER II.

If we would remain in intelligible relation with life, we must obtain from the *prose of our ordinary language* the heightened expression, in which the poetic intention is to communicate all-powerfully, with the feelings. A spoken expression that tears asunder the bond of connection with ordinary language, by basing its sensuous communication upon foreign elements, not proper to the essential constitution of that language—like the rhythmically-prosodical elements of which we have treated at length—can only work confusingly upon the feelings.

In modern language, we meet with no intonations but those of the prose *spoken accent*, which possesses no fixed base upon the natural importance of the root-syllables, but, in every phrase, is placed afresh in *that particular place*, where, in accordance with the sense, it is necessary for the *object* of understanding a definite intention. The language of ordinary modern life, however, differs especially from the poetical language of more ancient times, inasmuch as it requires, in order to be understood, the employment of a far greater accumulation of words and phrases. Our language, in which we render ourselves intelligible in ordinary life on matters, which—as they lie generally far from Nature—are in no way affected by the signification of the roots of the language, properly so called, is obliged to avail itself of the most varied and the most complicated twinings and turnings, in order to paraphrase the significations of roots of language, either primitive or borrowed from foreign sources, and render possible the conventional comprehension of them—roots which, with reference to our social relations and views, are altered, changed, and newly-contrived, and, at any rate, rendered strange to our feelings. Our phrases, endlessly stretched out and flowing, in order to receive this contriving apparatus, would be rendered totally unintelligible, if the spoken accent in them were multiplied by giving prominence to the intonation of the root-syllables. Such phrases can be rendered more easy for the understanding by laying the spoken accent in them with greater sparingness on their most distinguishing points alone, for which reason, naturally, all the other points, however important they may be through the signification of their roots, must, precisely on account of their accumulation, be entirely omitted in the intonation.

If we consider rightly what we have to understand by the condensation and compression of the points of action and their motives, necessary for the realisation of the poetical intention, and if we acknowledge that these points are furthermore to be realised only by an expression so condensed and compressed, we shall for this purpose be naturally obliged to act with our language as we do. Just as we had to separate every accidental, trifling, and undecided element from these points of action, and, on account of them, from their pre-supposing motives; just as we had to remove from their purport everything distorting them from without, everything pragmatically historical, political, and

dogmatically religious, so have we to reject from the spoken expression everything springing from these distortions of the purely human element, necessary for the feelings, and alone satisfying them, in such a manner that only the very kernel of it remains. It was, however, precisely that which distorted this purely human purport of a communication of speech that so lengthened the phrase as to cause the spoken accent to be thus sparingly distributed, while, on the other hand, it was necessarily compelled to omit a disproportionate number of words that were not to be intoned. The poet who wanted to lay a prosodical stress upon the words which were not to be intoned was the victim of a total mistake, on which a conscientiously scanned delivery of his verse must have enlightened him so far, that, by this kind of delivery, he saw that the sense of the phrase was distorted and rendered unintelligible. It is true that, on the other hand, the beauty of a verse hitherto consisted in the poet's rejecting from the phrase, as much as possible, all that, in the shape of the oppressive assistance of mediating words, surrounded the principal accent in too great masses; he sought for the simplest words, least needing mediation, in order to bring the accents nearer to each other, and, for this purpose, freed, as far as he could, the object to be poetised, from an oppressive crowd of historico-social, and politico-religious relations and conditions. Never since, however, has the poet been able to effect this up to the point at which he would have been able to communicate his subject unconditionally to the feelings alone—just as he never brought the expression to this pitch; for this rising to the highest utterance of feeling could only be obtained precisely in the merging of the verse into the melody—a process, which, as we have seen—because we were compelled to see it—could not be realised. But where the poet, without his verse being merged in the real melody, thought he had condensed the verbal verse itself to mere points of feeling, *he*, like the object to be represented, was no longer understood either by the understanding, nor even by the feelings. We recognise verses of this description as the attempts of our great poets to set words to tune without music.

For *that* poetic intention alone, concerning whose essential attributes we have already come to an agreement in what has preceded, is it possible, with its necessary impulse towards realization, so to free the prose-phrase of modern language from all the mechanically mediating word-apparatus that the accents contained in it shall be collected together into a quickly perceptible communication. A true observation of the kind of expression employed by us in any heightened excitement of feeling, even in ordinary life, will furnish the poet with an infallible standard for the number of accents in a natural phrase. In sincere emotion, when we drop all conventional considerations, presupposing the modern spinning-out of the phrase, we always endeavour to express ourselves shortly and concisely in *one breath*, as decidedly as possible; in this compressed mode of expression, however—through the force of the emotion—we intone much more strongly than usual, and, at the same time, bring together more closely the accents on which, in order to render them important and proportionately impressive to the manner in which we desire our feelings to be expressed in them, we rest with lively and heightened voice. The number of these accents, which, during the emission of one breath, are involuntarily comprised in one phrase, or a principal section of a phrase, will always stand in close relation to the character of the state of excitement, so that, for instance, an angry, *active* emotion will pour out a greater number of accents in a breath, while, on the other hand, a profound and painfully *suffering* one must consume the whole strength of the breath in fewer and long-sounding ones.

According to the kind of emotion to be conveyed, and in which the poet is enabled to transport himself sympathetically, this emotion will fix the number of accents in a succession of words, decided by the breath and fashioned by the purport of the expression either into a full phrase, or to an essential section of a phrase—a succession of words in which the excessive number of secondary ones, peculiar to the literary phrase, and auxiliary and explanatory, is so diminished, that they do not needlessly consume the breath necessary for the accent, in spite



of their intonation, that has been allowed to fall on account of their numerical accumulation. That which was so injurious for the expression of feeling in the complicated modern phrase, arose from the fact that the too great mass of secondary words, not to be intoned, so absorbed the breath of the speaker, that, either from actual exhaustion or frugal foresight, he could only rest a short time upon the principal accent, and thus could communicate the comprehension of the hastily accentuated principal word to the understanding alone and not to the feelings, which can take an interest in the subject, only as far as the *fulness* of the sensuous expression is concerned. The secondary words retained by the poet in the compressed form of the sentence will, in their diminished and merely actually necessary number, stand in the same relation to the word intoned by the spoken accent, as the mute consonants to the sounding vowel, which they surround, in order distinguishingly to individualize, and, out of a general expression of emotion, to condense it into the explanatory expression of a particular subject; a strong accumulation, justified by nothing as far as the feelings are concerned, of the consonants around the vowel, deprive the latter of its euphony of feeling, just as an accumulation, merely occasioned by the mediatory understanding, of secondary words around the principal one, render the latter irreconizable by the feelings. The strengthening of the consonant, by duplication or triplication, is only necessary for the feelings, when the vowel thereby gains so drastic a colouring, as then to correspond to the drastic peculiarity of the object which the root expresses; and thus an increased number of the significative secondary words is only justified to the feelings, when, through them, the accentuated principal word is especially enhanced in its expression, and not—as in the modern phrase—lamed. We thus arrive at the natural foundation of the rhythm in spoken verse, as represented in the *raising* and *sinking* of the accent, and as it can be expressed only by elevation to musical rhythm in its highest definitiveness and most endless multiplicity.

(To be continued.)

**RÉUNION DES ARTS.**—The Second Concert on Wednesday last was an improvement on the first. The programme was better worded. Hummel's trio in E major, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, was well executed by Mrs. Wilmore, M. Bezeth, and Mr. H. W. Goodban. M. Bezeth distinguished himself especially by his violin playing. Spohr's charming romance, "Rose softly blooming," from *Azor and Zamira*, was sung by Miss Mahlah Homer, a debutante and pupil of Signor Crivelli. She was very nervous, but has, as far as she allowed us to judge, a good and well-cultivated voice. We must hear her again before pronouncing a decided opinion as to her capacities. She also sang Haydn's "With verdure clad." Miss Mahlah Homer made her first appearance in public a short time since at Kidderminster, and was spoken of in favourable terms by the local papers. "Di tanti palpiti" was sung by Mlle. Corelli, a most talented and promising young artist, who, however, might have found something better adapted to her voice than the famous air from *Tancredi*, which requires great power. "Di piacer," or the *finale* from *La Donna del Lago*—if she must have recourse to Rossini—would have suited her better. Mlle. Corelli, also sang the English ballad, "When Sorrow sleepeth," very prettily. We cannot say we were pleased with the introduction of a young flute-player, seven years old. We have too much of the phenomenon system. Master Dean displays talent, but he should be nursed rather than exhibited. The flute is dangerous to most young constitutions, and unless carefully attended to may superinduce a tendency to pneumonia. Of course every instrument should be learned early in life, but the greatest caution should be used in teaching such a one as the flute, which requires more breath, if not more force, than the flageolet, clarinet, and even the cornet. M. Bezeth performed a solo by Alard, on airs by Mozart, with excellent effect. The melodies were played with expression, and entirely free from exaggeration. Mr. Tennant sang Campana's very pleasing romanza, "Anami," and Signor Lorenzo favoured the company with Mercadante's "Ella piangea." The room was tolerably full.

## AN ENGLISH MUSICAL JOURNAL.

(From a French musical paper called *L'Orphéon*.)

We Frenchmen have a fault, which, unless we take care, will end by making us lose the real superiority which still belongs to us over other nations. This fault is presumption. We have an innate and preconceived idea that everything which is done in France is much better than what is done anywhere else; and, thereupon, we close our eyes, fold our arms, and go to sleep, satisfied. In the meanwhile, our neighbours, less gifted, less advanced, perhaps, than ourselves, labour, travel, investigate, examine, import, perfect, and, some fine morning, when we awake, we shall discover that one of our *industries nationales*, till then without a rival, is equalled, surpassed even, by a foreign opposition.

We have decided in our wisdom, and without more ample information, that the English are not, never were, and never will be a musical people. Not that we profess a prodigious esteem for the *concertina*, that English accordion which would be so horrible but for the ecstatic poses of the charming Miss Dulcken; not that the *gigues* and other airs, or *flics-flacs*, of Great Britain, have ever raised in us a very lively enthusiasm; nevertheless it would not be amiss, perhaps, to have a correct knowledge of what we are going to say before speaking. Music, considered as an art of luxury, is in England at the summit of all objects of luxury. In London there are concert-halls which would put to shame our finest structures of this kind, in regard to extent, acoustic arrangements, and interior decorations. On the platform of the music-halls there is space for a monster-orchestra, for a legion of choristers, and for a cathedral organ. The arena itself is immense, and always full; it is crowded with a real public, a paying public, especially when the charge for seats is at a pound sterling.

These reflections are suggested to us by reading an English journal, called *The Musical World*. In this the commercial instinct of our neighbours beyond the Channel reveals itself at the first blush. The first page of *The Musical World*, that on which the eye first reposes, is devoted to—advertisements! A young Miss, a *contralto* (contralto voice), seeks publicity to procure pupils, also *contralti*, no doubt. A professor has the pleasure to inform his pupils and friends that he has returned to town for the season. An organist, whose engagement expires on Advent Sunday, would be glad of a fresh one—apply to Mr. Fuga. A *basso-cantante* is wanting in a London choir; service every Sunday; twelve hundred francs salary—as in the *Dame Blanche*. A high tenor would also be engaged. Then come pianofortes with the latest improvements; romances, waltzes, oratorios, collections of "Sanctuses" and "Kyries," dedications to their Majesties Queen Victoria and the Emperor Napoleon; and original editions of the operas of Lulli, Desmarais, Bertin, etc.

Afterwards follow grave essays upon Richard Wagner, the Luther of music; and on Spontini (a translation from our compatriot Berlioz); Reviews of the "History of Music before Mozart;" then the news; leading articles; Paris correspondence; correspondence from Berlin, Aix-la-Chapelle, Weimar—all more circumstantial than in our French papers. In a word, the English keep themselves informed of the progress of every branch of civilisation in every part of the globe. But that which constitutes the inferiority of their music, that which assures the future of our own, is, as we have said—with them music is an art of luxury, a hothouse plant; with us it has become popular, and will flourish in the open air like a hardy perennial.

[We thank our contemporary for his advertisement, but are astonished at his ignorance. The *Orphéon* has reached its third number. *The Musical World* has almost accomplished its thirty-third volume; and the *Orphéon*, just born, is surprised to find *The Musical World* in existence. Vanity of vanities! French, or rather Parisian conceit! Would the editor of the *Orphéon* object to relieve us of some of the advertisements which encumber our first page—at the price we are paid for them?—[Ed. M. W.]

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FLATCATCHER'S UNCLE must send his name and address.  
INDEX.—"Pavini," not "Persiani," we believe. Not quite ten years ago, moreover.

ERRATUM.—In our third leading article last week, we alluded to the song "Over the Sea," as the composition of Mr. Duggan. This was a mistake; it was the inspiration of Mrs. Groome.

## THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10TH, 1855.

THE conversations with Rossini, from the accomplished pen of Herr Ferdinand Hiller—a translation of which has been made expressly for *The Musical World* from the *Gazette of Cologne*, in whose columns they originally appeared—will, we hope, tend to dispel many illusions that seem to prevail with respect to the personal character and opinions of the greatest musician of Italy. The trash that has been promulgated about Rossini would make those who know him smile with incredulity if not contempt, but that it is calculated to injure his reputation in the minds of thinking men who know him not. If we are to place any faith in the gossip of the French and Belgian papers (the Germans and Italians are better informed), Rossini, at the present epoch, and indeed for some time past, must be contemplated as a garrulous old woman, or at the best a *marchand de canards*, a dealer in tittle-tattle, and the petty wares of indiscriminate loquacity. He is made to figure as principal actor in every sort of twaddling anecdote. Wrapped in a mist of commonplace, an endless shower of platitudes rains from his lips. Every nobody composes a little drama, in which Rossini is brought forward as a foil to the vanity and egotism of the writer. Every penny-a-liner, every singer and player ("artist!") has a history to relate, in which Rossini figures conspicuously as the good-humoured adulator of mediocrity and insignificance.

Happily, the reverse of all this is fact. Rossini leads a life of quiet unobtrusiveness, and reposes with befitting dignity on those laurels which can never be wrested from him. He neither invents *bons mots* at the expense of M. Meyerbeer, nor goes into ecstasies about M. Adolphe Adam ("of the Institute"). He is affable and kind to those who are allowed to approach him, but shows no disposition whatever to be bored. With neither jealousy nor envy in his disposition, he is aware of his own worth, but just as able and willing to appreciate the worth of others. In short, a flat contradiction to all the miserable anilities with which he has been accredited is presented in his daily habits and his way of life. That his conversation should present a peculiar fascination to all who love the art of which he is so illustrious a representative, is easy to understand; but this would not be the case if it were made up of such contemptible materials as (ever since his arrival in Paris) have served to adorn the *faits divers* and *bourdonnements* of the inferior press. Such silly incidents as the *rencontre* with M. Méry, the presentation of one of the contributors to *Figaro* (recounted by that gentleman in his own columns, in inflated prose) &c., &c., &c., are simply false. Rossini has been for years afflicted with a malady of the nerves, which, at intervals, brings tears into his eyes, involuntarily; and this affliction has been made

scandalous use of by the penny-a-liners, for their own aggrandisement in the face of the world. M. Méry, M. Escudier, or the editor of the *Journal pour Rire*, it is all one; a meeting with Rossini, an introduction of the little man (whoever he may be) to the great genius who has shed a lustre on his art, leads invariably to the same result. Rossini weeps, the editor of the *Journal pour Rire* weeps also, and the two embrace. Now it happens that, in spite of his nerves, Rossini prefers laughing to crying; and one of his most constant guests and companions is M. Vivier, to whom he is greatly attached and for whom he entertains and professes a high esteem. Whether, with M. Vivier for a daily associate, a lachrymose tendency would be likely to prevail, let all Paris answer.

As an instance, however, of to what an audacious extent the traffic with Rossini's name and greatness has been carried by unimportant individuals, we may cite a passage from the *Courier de Paris* of M. Jules Lecomte, which appeared some weeks ago in the *Indépendance Belge*. M. Lecomte, it should be borne in mind, has been in the habit of interlarding the *olla podrida* of small talk—which, according to M. Perrot, is the chief attraction of the Brussels organ—with anecdotes of Rossini, amounting to little better than lampoons. Of course Rossini never saw them; and this seems to have nettled the lively author of *Un Voyage de Désagrément à Londres*, who entertains the *gobemouches* of the *Café de Mille Colonnes* with the following cock-and-bull story:—

[Translation.]

"We are informed of a letter written, some days since, by Rossini to one of his friends, a member of the *corps diplomatique*, and in which he (Rossini) says:—'Try and ascertain why, for several years past, M. J. L. C. is so little amiable towards me. I knew him formerly in Italy, and am not aware of having done anything to him, &c.'"

Out of this M. Lecomte spins a long rhodomontade, which fills up several columns of his *Courier* with matter more than usually readable, since, however vaguely, it concerns Rossini, and not M. Lecomte. But the best of the tale is this:—on being questioned about the letter to "a member of the *Corps Diplomatique*," Rossini protested, not only that he had written no letter, but that he had never heard of M. Jules Lecomte. *Ex uno disce omnes*. We are tired of the subject.

HERR ANDER, the tenor, whose obsequies were paraded some time since in *The Athenæum*, etc., desires to acquaint the public that he is still above ground, alive and well, and with no intention whatever of allowing himself to be buried quick, for the satisfaction of other tenors envious of his reputation. It was Herr Ander who proposed, at a recent meeting of artists and managers, in Vienna, to exclude the representatives of Viennese journals from the performances of Court theatres. His motion was carried, and a meeting of critics convoked in consequence. At this assembly certain of the police appeared, for the purpose of taking notes, which being found inconvenient by the *aristarchi* of Wien, they dispersed, with a resolution, unanimously agreed upon, to take no further notice of the theatres in their papers. This being precisely what was wanted by directors, the police retired complacently; and so the matter rests.

The incident we have described suggests something inherently vicious in the relations between players and critics, or at least between managers and critics, in the coffee-drinking metropolis of Austria. It can hardly be supposed that Herr Ander, thinking himself above criticism and



infallible, should treat any animadversion upon his talents in the light of obloquy. If such were the case, indeed, Herr Ander must be a simpleton, since many of his betters (and they are numerous) are continually open to criticism and may be criticised without offence. There is reason to believe, however, that Herr Ander is no simpleton, although a mediocre singer. Where, then, are we to look for an explanation of so strange a proceeding on the part of Court theatres towards reporters? Perhaps Herr Saphir knows something—"Maitre Saphir," as Jules Janin calls him. Did this cutting, Saphir slay and bury the Court tenor, for his impertinence?

We are not going to take up cudgels for the Viennese critics. Let them, if they are able, plead their own cause. It is nevertheless urgent, that "artists," as the word is, should be taught the difference between advertisements and criticism. An irritable, vain, and sensitive race, they will not see, or will not understand, that critics are public advocates not "*les avocats des artistes*"—a convenient distinction set up abroad in defence of a system which we are not about to analyse just now. It is as much the duty of a critic to look out for blemishes, and arraign defects, as to characterise beauties, and exalt the more sterling qualities. But it would seem an accepted matter that the critic, who detects imperfections and proclaims them, is either an enemy or a fool; while, in sober truth, if honest, even when severe, he is a friend, not an enemy; and the artist who fails to perceive it, is himself a fool and in the end a loser.

There is at the same time a mystery about the Vienna affair, which we should like to see cleared up by some straightforward representative of the local papers. Perhaps the *Athenæum*, that censor of the press, may throw some light upon the matter. If not, why did our contemporary, in a paragraph, inter Herr Ander?—whom, having disinterred at his own desire, we leave to disclose so much as he may think fit.

The following explanatory circular has been issued by the Committee or Management of the National Opera Company, now, we presume, about to dissolve:—

"NATIONAL OPERA COMPANY.  
(LIMITED LIABILITY.)"

"The Committee of Management of the National Opera Company, finding that the number of shares, for which application had been made, did not amount, on the day designated for the final decision of the Committee relative to the lease of the Lyceum Theatre, to the number required for the legal constitution of the Company—that is to say, to three-fourths of the whole number of shares—have been obliged to forego their purpose of engaging the Lyceum Theatre, and, consequently, to terminate their operations. They are unwilling to do so, however, without laying before those gentlemen who, as applicants for shares, have interested themselves in the success of the enterprise, and shown a noble desire to forward the cause of National Art, some short statement relative to the origin and progress of the undertaking, and the intentions and endeavours of the Committee of Management.

"For many months, Mr. Vyse, the originator of the scheme, laboured against a variety of difficulties to bring his project before the world. He succeeded at length in a negotiation with Mr. Arnold, respecting the lease of the Lyceum Theatre, and found that gentleman willing to become one of the trustees of the proposed Company, in conjunction with the Duke of Leinster and Mr. J. B. Heath. By degrees, after many disappointments, the present Committee of Management was brought together, and showed itself willing to act with energy and zeal.

"In justice to themselves, the Members of the Committee must beg to impress the fact, that they accepted, individually, the heavy post offered, solely after the refusal, the hesitation, the withdrawal, or the opposition of other gentlemen, highly placed in the musical world.

They accepted it with no other views than the desire to establish an enterprise, which, it was hoped, might wipe out a disgrace from the artistic name of this country. They have toiled at their task in a sincere and disinterested spirit, solely for the purpose of advancing a good cause. While hopes of forming the commercial company still remained, they worked for its future interests. They placed themselves in communication, not only with well-known English operatic talent in this country, but also with English artists of eminence whose musical and dramatic studies had led them abroad. The result justified them in their most sanguine hopes of forming an admirable and efficient working company; and the estimate of the expenses, with the average receipts of the Lyceum Theatre, removed all doubts as to the probable successful working of the theatre in a pecuniary point of view. Designedly setting aside all individual interests, they corresponded with most known English composers, in order to obtain original English Operas, as the commencement of a repertoire. They formed such plans of management as might insure a succession of novelties. Everything promised well for the prosperity of the undertaking, when once fairly launched.

"Unfortunately, after a zealous struggle, the Committee of Management found there were no present hopes of forming their company of shareholders, and that they had failed in their efforts. This result is, in a great measure, due, it is to be feared, to the antagonistic attitude assumed by those from whom the greatest support and encouragement were naturally expected—that is to say, gentlemen more immediately engaged in the musical profession, and such amateurs as might have been supposed to be most interested in so good a cause. Thwarted and opposed by those who should have aided most, the Committee of Management, in compiling this report, have the grief of being obliged to record the above principal cause of failure. To the few gentlemen connected with the musical profession, who acted in a contrary spirit, not only the Committee of Management, but all well-wishers to the cause of musical art, owe their grateful thanks. The scanty time necessarily allowed for a decision as to a lease of the Lyceum Theatre, the hardness of the times, and the period of the year, which had taken so many influential persons from London, may have also acted detrimentally.

"In now closing their books, the Committee of Management are more than ever convinced, from the experience they have gathered, that a great field is still open for a permanent English Opera, if conducted on a genuinely national basis. They do not regret the valuable time they have offered up, nor the considerable sums of money they have sunk in the preliminary expenses of an enterprise that has failed; for they still hope that these sacrifices may be found not to have been made in vain, and that they may have helped to lay the foundation of an edifice to be reared hereafter, although perhaps by more fortunate hands.

"By order of the Committee,

"J. W. HOLLAND,

"Secretary."

"London, Nov. 3rd. 1855."

And thus, at least for a time, the National Opera must still remain *in nubibus*. That a bright sun may, ere long, disperse the clouds, and bring fair weather and a blue sky to our disconsolate musicians, we sincerely hope; but we cannot affect any regret for the bubble that has just burst.

### MUSICAL GOSSIP.

ROSSINI intends remaining the whole winter in Paris.

MR. W. VINCENT WALLACE, the popular composer, has arrived in Paris from America, and purports passing the winter there.

CARLOTTA GRISI has arrived in Paris.

MR. EDWARD LODER has left Manchester, and has arrived in London, where he purports taking up his residence for the future.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ will shortly quit Manchester to reside altogether in London.

AUBER is busily engaged on a new comic opera for Madame Marie Cabel. This work will be produced early in January, when Madame Cabel quits the Théâtre-Lyrique, and makes her first appearance at the Opéra-Comique.

MADAME JENNY LIND is in Paris, where she will remain ten days, and then depart for London, to be in time for the concert about to be given for the testimonial to Miss Nightingale.

MR. BENEDICT has returned to London for the season.

HERE ERNST has arrived in Paris from Switzerland.

## M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

THE removal of M. Jullien from Drury Lane to the Royal Italian Opera is now, we may fairly conclude, permanent. The change is for the better, not only on account of the larger size of Covent Garden, but because of its *prestige*, which cannot fail to have weight with the upper classes. The Sun of Fashion may be said to shine uninterruptedly upon the temple of the Muses in Bow-street, while democratic clouds invariably darken the once glorious "home of the drama" over the way, where Garrick, Kean, and Macready trod, and Malibran warbled her last dramatic strains. Last year, when M. Jullien, tempted by the success of his first series of concerts after his return from America, gave a second at the Royal Italian Opera, it was anticipated they would not be well attended. The public had become habituated to Drury Lane, and would not like the change. M. Jullien's name, however, would have drawn the crowd anywhere, and the second season was only a repetition of the first.

The opening night on Monday last, was one of the most brilliant we remember. The crowd was immense, the programme first-rate, the band magnificent, the decorations tasteful, the lights dazzling, and Madame Gassier shone the "bright particular star" of the evening. The reception accorded to M. Jullien was enthusiastic. No one was ever a greater favourite, or deserved the public favour better.

The decorations present but little new to notice. White is still the prevailing colour—the boxes, the walls, the refreshment and the reading-rooms being hung with white glazed calico, enriched at intervals with ornaments of green and gold. The floral display is excellent. On the stage, around the orchestra, immense vases are filled with flowers of every variety. Wreaths of flowers are also suspended from the grand tier with striking effect. To increase the brilliancy of the light, twelve candelabras are suspended round the great chandelier—like satellites round their bigger orb. On the whole the house is remarkably handsome, and looks all the better for its simplicity.

A special alteration has been made in the grand tier of boxes. The divisions have been taken away, and a "balcon" carried over the pit, after the manner of the Théâtre-Italien in Paris. By this means a spacious dress circle is formed, and a great deal of room gained. The decorations are rich and chaste.

The orchestra has been enlarged. The wind instruments of wood have been doubled. There are two principal and two second flutes, two principal and two second clarinets, two principal and two second oboes, two principal and two second bassoons—to correct "that balance of sound which has been greatly injured by the universal practice, both in England and on the continent, of making large additions to the stringed, without a corresponding increase in the wind instruments." The additions are improvements, since they serve no less to counterbalance the effect of the "brass" than the "wind." Herr Koenig is still at the head of the cornets-a-pistons, seconded by M. Arban; M. Pratten and Herr Reichardt are the principal flutes; Messrs. Barret and Lavigne the chief oboes; Mr. Lazarus presides over the clarinet; M. Baumann over the bassoons; Signor Cioffi over the trombones; and Mr. Hughes is the first ophicleide. Mr. Alfred Mellon leads the fiddles, which serves well to relieve M. Jullien of some of his labour.

The programme on Monday night included the overture to *Euryanthe*, the funeral march from Beethoven's *Eroica* symphony, the first movement from Mendelssohn's A minor symphony, together with Jullien's British Army Quadrille, Quadrille from *L'Etoile du Nord*, the new *valse* called "The Belle of the Village," a solo on the ophicleide by Mr. Hughes, and *rondo finale* from *La Sonnambula*, for Mad. Gassier. Weber's overture was splendidly performed, as was also the march from the *Eroica* symphony. Not only was the power, fire, and precision of the orchestra manifested, but the *pianissimos* were accomplished with admirable effect. The movement from Mendelssohn's symphony, too—in spite of certain modifications of the score (augmentations rather), and in spite of the non-repetition of the first part of the *allegro*—was a magnificent performance. The introductory *andante* would have been better, however, as

it stands in the score. M. Jullien's new *valse*, "La Belle du Village," is fanciful and tuneful, and might be denominated "The Coquette." The theme is pastoral, and has the rare merit of being original. The instrumentation of the opening movement is ingenious and effective. Mr. Hughes's performance on the ophicleide, in a solo by Bottesini, almost rivalled the execution of Bottesini on his own instrument. The ophicleide is even more unmanageable than the contra-basso, and hence Mr. Hughes is entitled to the highest praise for the command he has obtained of it, and still more for the softness and purity of his tones.

Madame Gassier's execution of the *rondo finale* from *La Sonnambula*, was as surprising and finished an effort of vocalisation as we can remember. This lady has worked her way not slowly but surely. She might have made the fortune of Drury-Lane, had Mr. E. T. Smith known how to have made use of her. Madame Gassier, however, made her own fortune instead, and went to the provinces, where she created a sensation seldom equalled. M. Jullien engaged her for his concerts, and Madame Gassier appeared on Monday night for the first time. She sang the "Ah! non credea" deliciously. It was not Malibran, nor Jenny Lind, nor Persiani, but Madame Gassier, or rather it was Bellini; so little was done foreign to the composer's intention, so respected was its simplicity. So exquisite a performance could not fail to create a *furor*. The *rondo*, however, produced the greatest effect. The public is always more attracted by the astonishing than by the beautiful; and Madame Gassier's execution of "Ah! non giunge" was astonishing. The novelty, brilliancy, and boldness of her *tour de force* must have satisfied the most fatigued of critics. The *rondo* was encored unanimously, and repeated with even increased effect. In the second part, Madame Gassier sang the *cavatina*, "O luce di quest' anima," from *Linda di Chamouni*, again raising the audience to enthusiasm, and, being again encored, repeated Venzano's well-known "valse."

In the second part the most noticeable points were the minuet from Mr. Bristow's symphony in E flat; the *Don Giovanni* selection, the "Zouave Pas de Course Galop," the "Vive L'Empereur Galop" (both M. Jullien's), and Herr Reichardt's wonderful performance on the flute—the variations on the *Carnaval de Venise*.

With such an immense attendance it was not to be wondered at that all did not go smoothly during the evening, and sundry "rows" in fact disturbed the harmonious proceedings during the second part. Order, however, was soon restored, and the performance was brought to a close in tranquillity.

The performances have been varied nightly, but Madame Gassier's success in her two songs has justified M. Jullien in retaining them both in the bills. On Wednesday Mr. Winterbottom played a solo on the trombone very cleverly; and the playing of Mr. Schreurs in the viola solo of the *Huguenots* selection was universally admired. This gentleman is an artist, and no mistake. The oboe playing of M. Lavigne, so different in tone from that of the other great oboist (M. Barret) though so equal in merit, was also a great feature in this selection.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD is at present staying at Venice. She intends shortly to proceed to Vienna, where she will pass two of the winter months.

BEAUMONT LITERARY INSTITUTION.—Mr. Charles Salaman repeated his lecture on the "History of the Pianoforte and its Precursors," at the above Institution, on Tuesday evening last. The Lecture was illustrated, as usual, by performances on the ancient keyed-stringed instruments, and upon the pianoforte; and was interspersed with some ancient and modern vocal compositions, sung by Miss Ellen Williams. The programme consisted of solos on the virginal by Byrde and Orlando Gibbons: on the harpsichord by Händel, Scarlatti, and Paradies; and upon the pianoforte by Haydn, Beethoven, Weber, and Salaman. The vocal compositions were selected from the words of Händel, Salvator Rossa, Mozart, &c. The lecture, which was enlivened by some amusing anecdotes, appeared to afford no small enjoyment to a crowded audience.



## PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

It is now some weeks since you have heard from me, for "Story, Lord bless me, I had none to tell, sir." Paris still offers to foreign visitors the same musical entertainments which have served during the whole year. In saying this I do not forget that M. Adolphe Adam, of the Institute, has produced an opera entitled *Le Housard de Berchini* at the Opéra-Comique; nor have I ceased to remember that M. Gevaert, not of the Institute, has, at the Théâtre-Lyrique, brought out another, yclept *Les Lavandières de Santarem*. True it is, that both these works of art have seen the light within these last three weeks; but equally true is it, that though not actually still-born, they are already, *tous les deux*, almost as dead as Julius Cæsar. As M. Adolphe Adam is himself a *feuilletoniste*, he has been tenderly treated by his brethren of the pen. M. Gevaert, a young Belgian composer, has already written an operetta and an opera *comique*—the former, *Georgette*, somewhat weak; the latter, *Le Billet de Marguerite*, giving promise of better things. This promise, however, M. Gevaert, although he has done much, has not yet quite fulfilled. The librettists have used him badly, for more abominable dialogue, more improbable plot, and a more ridiculous *dénouement*, than are to be found in *Les Lavandières de Santarem*, no man could write or conceive. Such dirty linen should be washed at home! A mad king, a pimping courtier, a young lady who sets fire to the palace that she may preserve her chastity, washerwomen who become duchesses, a colonel of fifteen just weaned from his nurse, whose husband is a sort of whipper-in, a soldier who threatens his sovereign in his very palace, and loads him with abuse and imprecations; in short, a tissue of absurdities, contradictions, and incoherencies, whereof it were difficult to convey an idea, make up the piece. And yet it is from the pen of M. Dennery, second to few men of the day as an ingenious melodramatist. *Sed haud semper arcum tendit Apollo*; and even a Dennery may nod. To such a plot—even, if possible, more ridiculous and obscure—did Mozart compose his immortal *Zauberflöte*, but it is the attribute of genius to make the meat it feeds on. M. Gevaert, though clever, is not a Mozart. Nothing is damned now-a-days in Paris. A new piece, if bad, is allowed to discover its own alacrity in sinking, and the manager soon knows from the state of his *caisses* when it should be withdrawn. The two operas in question were, therefore, only damned with the faintest possible praise, and I hope M. Gevaert may have better luck next time with his *libretto*. Madame Lauters, who was the heroine, did her best. Nothing can exceed the beauty of her voice, but she makes little progress as a singer. Madame Lauters, though only twenty years old, has been on the stage two years. She must make up her mind to study hard, and not trust entirely to her natural gifts.

At the Italiens, Mario has come to the rescue, not before he was wanted. The unfortunate manager has been in hot water with his *troupe*, and has been compelled to dismiss Signor Salvi, inasmuch as Signor Verdi does not approve of that singer, and would not allow one of his operas to be produced while he remained at the theatre. The *Cenerentola* was therefore worn threadbare until Mario's arrival. This prince of tenors made his *début* as Almaviva, in the *Barbiere*. How thoroughly he understands Rossini's music! With what gentlemanly ease does he portray the Spanish Don! How charmingly does he warble the lovely air, "Ecco ridente"—loveliest of tenor airs—and all the music, cantabile and florid, from the duet with Figaro to the last *morceau*, "Di si felice innesto," always giving point to the dialogue, where point is required; animated in the love scenes, but not too impassioned; admirable in the disguise of the drunken soldier, and for ever displaying the graces of the most accomplished vocalist and musician! A Belgian critic objects to his not singing loud enough. The same gentleman holds up M. Gueymard as the *beau idéal* of tenors, and continually twaddles about the "shreds of Mario's voice." One who raves about a singer like M. Gueymard can hardly comprehend Mario; and an "independent" *Belge* may be left to talk his "shimble-shamble stuff" to any audience patient enough to hear him.

Madame Borghi-Mamo was Rosina. Animated, vivacious, *espiègle*, and natural, she formed a striking contrast to other *artistes* of celebrity whom we have seen in the same part, and who have completely sacrificed nature at the shrine of art. In the lesson scene Madame Borghi-Mamo introduced two Neapolitan cavatinas, the first of which, "Bella figliola che tieni sti sciuri," fairly took the audience by storm. By the way, she seems to have had the malicious intent of discovering the source whence Verdi drew his barcarole in the *Vêpres Siciliennes*. Sig. Everardi (M. Evrard) sang with fluency and correctness as Figaro, but his acting was about as lively as Tagliafico's in the stoney Commandant of *Don Giovanni*. Sig. Zucchini was but a shrivelled substitute for Lablache, as Don Bartolo; and Signor Angelini was the most ludicrous caricature of Don Basilio that could possibly be imagined. Nevertheless, the success of Mario, upon whose shoulders fell the whole weight of the opera, was triumphant.

Lucia has been played twice for the *début* of Mlle. de Boissi, formerly at the Grand-Opéra (and remembered, perhaps, at Mr. Maddox's in 1847-8). She was so nervous and agitated that she could hardly sing a note, and it would, therefore, be unfair to criticize her performance. Sig. Mongini, who made his first appearance as Edgardo, is not likely to prove the "coming tenor" that all the musical world is looking out for.

The directors of the Grand-Opéra have done their best to secure the future services of Mlle. Cruvelli, whose engagement terminates at the end of this month. In order to induce her to forego her intention of quitting the stage, they have made an offer of 180,000 frs., £7200 per annum, with four months' *congé*. In other words, they have offered her £900 a month, and she is never to sing more than three times a-week. She is to give an answer to this proposition before the end of the month; but so anxious is the government to retain her at the Opéra, that, I have no doubt, were she to make her determination depend on the amount of salary, they would be ready to increase even this enormous offer. The management of the Opéra is in the hands of men thoroughly alive to the material interests of the property committed to their care. Mlle. Cruvelli has been engaged for some time, and no doubt they now know her value. At what rate they estimate it may be seen above; but I believe the present offer is the largest ever made to any *artiste* on the lyric stage. M. Meyerbeer, moreover, who, according to a London weekly journal,\* declined to trust the fortunes of his *Africaine* to the "caprices, etc." of Mlle. Cruvelli, has positively made it a *sine quâ non*, that she shall have the principal part; and, still more, has signified to M. Crosnier, that, in case he may rely upon Mlle. Cruvelli, he will make no further stipulation about any of the other singers.

\* The Athenæum.

DRURY LANE.—A new two-act piece, called *An Impudent Puppy*, has been added to the varied repertory of Mr. Charles Mathews. It is, of course, taken from the French—its success would go to prove that—and is founded on *Monsieur qui suit les Femmes*, a farce in which M. Ravel, two years ago, delighted the subscribers of Mr. Mitchell. The piece is absurd, but very funny, and Mr. Charles Mathews has a character which fits him like a dress-coat made by Stultz. Never was impudence more cool, never was coolness more imperturbable, never was imperturbability more happily exhibited. Mr. Charles Matthews is the very incarnation of the impudent puppy, and sustains the part through all its phases with unflagging vivacity and inimitable self-possession. Certainly everybody should go and see the popular artist in this one of his best and most amusing performances.

MUSIC WEDDED TO DRAMA.—The marriage of the popular Miss Woolgar to Mr. Alfred Mellon, which is now known to all the world, took place last Christmas. It is believed that the lady (or "the Ladye," to employ the typography of the *Athenæum*) will leave the stage in consequence. This marriage might be quoted as a symbol of Herr Wagner's theory of the union of the two arts; but that unfortunately music represents the man, and drama the woman, instead of *vice versa*.

## FOREIGN.

**ITALY.**—At Naples there would seem to be as many ups and downs in the musical as in the political world. The *Nuovo*, which is the equal of San Carlo, is in a deplorable state, and, while we on this side of the water try to prop up our tottering prose theatres, as they are called in Italy, by means of a scene or song from some popular opera, executed by a favourite foreign or native artist, the stronghold of music, Naples, acts on the contrary principle, and endeavours to eke out its miserable existence by having recourse to the *lazzi* of Punchinello and the vagaries of *Arlecchino*. The theatres were, of course, closed during the *Novena* of Santo Gennaro, that saint so highly honoured at Naples, whose blood liquefies to the great delight of the *lazzaroni*, amidst the thunder of cannons and the hoarse shouts of the unwashed. If Saint January would only condescend to do something for the Impresario of the San Carlo and Fondo! But, great saint as he is, he doubtless is of opinion that the man had better help himself in the first instance, and give the public something worth hearing, as regards music and singers, if he would have the public come to listen to them. The new director Alberti, after promising wonders, has, as usual, brought forth the "ridiculous mouse." The opera of *Violetta* was played at the San Carlo on the opening night, the principal parts being taken by Mesdames Beltramelli and Salvetti, and Signori Coletti, Avati, Ceci, and Lauri. The new tenor, Signor Stefani, does not seem to have produced a good impression; his voice is strong, but it is wanting in flexibility, and his method of declamation is faulty. Of course, Signor Coletti, who is well up in all the exigencies of stage effect, and who, as our readers are aware, is a good artist, won all the honours to himself. The less said about the ladies the better. The new ballet by Signor Taglioni, *Groa*, was well received. Signor Verdi's opera, *Lionello*, was produced on the 10th of October, with Madame Medori, Madame Ester Paganini, Signori Mirate and Coletti. We may mention, that the new *contralto*, Madame Paganini, is said to possess a good voice, but wanting in cultivation; she is yet young, and will, no doubt, improve.—At Florence, Verdi's *Luisa Miller*, with Madame Zecchini and Signori Ronconi and Pagnoni, has been played several times. This opera was followed by *Lucrezia Borgia*.—At the Canobbiana at Milan, Signor Rossi's opera, *La Sirena*, has been produced with considerable success; the melodies are fresh and original, and the instrumentation careful and artistic. The *maestro* was called on the stage some dozen times or more. The tenor, Signor Gringini, sang with his accustomed accent and expression, and excited universal enthusiasm. The other exponents of the opera scarcely rose at any time above mediocrity.

**GENEVA.**—Herr Ernst, the celebrated violinist, has been giving a series of three Chamber Concerts here (in conjunction with MM. Adler, Battanchon, Martinet, and Goetz), with brilliant success. The *Journal de Genève* in alluding to the last of these, thus speaks of Ernst:—"We need not make a new analysis of the talent and genius of Ernst, now that the series has terminated. All the forms of praise have already been exhausted on him. He has proved to us that he is not merely one of the greatest violinists of our epoch, but still further—the most worthy, the most truthful, and the most poetical interpreter of the great masters." M. Otto Goldschmidt was the pianist at these concerts. On Saturday, the 27th of October, Herr Ernst gave a farewell concert in conjunction with Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, assisted by MM. Goldschmidt and Benedict, and the same quartettists mentioned above—plus M. Sabon (violin-cello). Ernst played a *chaconne* by Sebastian Bach for violin solus, and his *Oello* in the most wonderful manner, and created quite a *furor*. He also led a quintet of Beethoven, and two movements (with MM. Goldschmidt and Battanchon) of Mendelssohn's pianoforte trio in D minor. M. Goldschmidt played a *nocturne* of Chopin and a quick movement of Bach for piano solus. Madame Lind, who creates as much enthusiasm as ever, sang a *cavatina* from *Beatrice di Tenda*, the air, "Deh vieni," from *Figaro*, and some mazurkas of Chopin arranged by her husband for voice and piano. Mr. Benedict accompanied the vocal pieces with great talent. The room (the *Grande Salle du*

Casino) was crammed, although the tickets were ten and fifteen francs. Madame Lind gave a concert at Lausanne, on the 23rd ult., for the benefit of the poor. Her success was, as usual, immense. She goes from here to London, *via* Paris.

**BERLIN.**—There is nothing new at the Royal Opera-house. The *répertoire* last week consisted of *Der Freischütz*, *Le Prophète*, *Le Laodès Ides*, and *Lucia*. The whole musical energies of this capital seem devoted, at present, to giving and attending concerts and oratorios. The new oratorio *Das Wort des Theroes*, by Herr Hermann Küster, was performed for the first time, and favourably received, in the Petri Kirche, last Wednesday. Herr Julius Schneider's oratorio *Luther*, was repeated on the same day, in the Garinon Kirche, for the benefit of the *Klein Kinderbewahranstalt* (or, in English, the Asylum for Little Children). The church was very crowded on the occasion. At the second *Sinfonie-Soirée* of the Royal Chapel, the programme was composed of Haydn's Symphony in B, Beethoven's in A major, and a work by R. Schumann, which may be termed a Sinfonie-Concerto, and consists of three parts, called, respectively, the Overture, Scherzo, and Finale.—A new quartet, by Herr R. Würst, was performed for the first time, and well received, at the last *Quartett-Soirée* of Herren Oertling, Rehbaum, Wrundh, and Birnbach. Herr Alfred Jaell played for the first time these several years in this city on Sunday last.

**ST. PETERSBURGH.**—(From a Correspondent, 25th Oct.)—The opera season has commenced with *éclat*. Madame Bosio has made her *début* as Gilda in *Rigoletto*, and created an immense sensation. The English journals taught the public here to expect great things from the new *prima donna*, and all the nobility and fashionables filled their boxes on the first night she appeared. The Imperial Theatre presented a magnificent *coup d'œil*. The reception given to Madame Bosio was most flattering; but more than flattering were the bravos, cheers, and acclamations from all parts of the house, which followed her when she sang, and continued to greet her throughout the evening. It is impossible for me to remember how many times she was recalled. Indeed, the average at the lowest was three or four times after each *morceau*. The quatuor in the fourth act was encored, and extremely well sung by Madame Bosio, Mdlle. de Meric, Signors Tamberlik and De Bassini. Signor Tamberlik sang and acted splendidly as the Duke, and made a "great hit" in his new part. Mdlle. de Meric did not do so well as Madame Nantier Didié, and Signor de Bassini was many degrees below Signor Ronconi in *Rigoletto*. The opera has been repeated.

**MADRID.**—Signor Verdi's *Trovatore* has been played several times with increasing success; this opera was followed by *Linda*; and, on the 10th, by *Polito*, which was coldly received on the first night, but on a succeeding representation improved in public favour. *Rigoletto* is in rehearsal.

**CARLSRUHE.**—Grétry's *Barbe-bleue* and Herr Taubert's *Kirmes* are in rehearsal.

**STETTIN.**—*L'Etoile du Nord* is in active preparation.

**BRUNSWICK.**—The theatre is to be shut for two nights in order to enable the management to direct their whole attention to the last rehearsals of *L'Etoile du Nord*.

**LEIPZIG.**—Herr Schellenberg, the successor of Herr C. P. Becker, is about to commence a course of lectures upon the organ. At the second Gewandhaus concert, Herr A. Rubenstein performed a new concerto of his own composition, and the pianoforte part in Gade's *Frühling*. At the third of these concerts, Mdlle. Kettler, a pupil of Herr Dorn in Berlin, created a very favourable impression in the scene with chorus out of Gluck's opera of *Orpheus*.

**FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.**—The theatre will open on the 15th instant.

**GOTHA.**—Herr J. H. Walch, Ducal *Capellmeister*, died on the 2nd ult., in the 80th year of his age.

**PRESBURG.**—A German operatic season commenced at the beginning of last month, with *Ernani*, *The Bohemian Girl*, and *Lucrezia Borgia*.

**RIGA.**—The opera-house continues to be well attended in spite of the war.



## PROVINCIAL.

**LEEDS.**—The programme for the eighth People's Concert, which took place at the Music-hall, last Wednesday evening, was one of the best ever issued, and the performance a credit to all concerned. The works were—Händel's celebrated serenata, *Acis and Galatea*; the *largo* and *scherzo* from Beethoven's symphony in D; selections from Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis-Night*; the *Wedding March*; and the unfinished opera, *Loreley*, by Mendelssohn. The Leeds Recreation Society has been among the first institutions in England to break down that monopoly in musical art which would allow nothing great to be heard except on payment of exorbitant prices. Thanks, however, to a more general musical education, good vocal and instrumental performers are now to be found in almost every locality, capable of executing the best works. Several have been introduced by the Recreation Society, which, but a short time since, were thought beyond the reach of the provinces. That assumption, however, was set at naught on Wednesday. The overture to *Acis and Galatea* was vigorously played by the West Riding Orchestral Union, led by Mr. Haddock. In the solo and chorus, "For us the zephyr blows," the band were too fast, especially for Mrs. Sunderland's solo, in which the instruments were frequently half a note in advance of the voice. The air, "Hush, ye pretty warbling choir," by Mrs. Sunderland, was one of the gems of the evening. Mr. Inkersall, in the part of *Acis*, was tame, and out of tune at the commencement; but in the recitative, "His hideous love provokes my rage," he sang with spirit. In the duet with Mrs. Sunderland, "Happy, happy we," he was frequently inaudible. Mr. Thomas gave "O ruddier than the cherry" with much energy and clear articulation, and gained an encore. The accompaniments were well played. The choruses went well, especially "Wretched lovers." The movements from Beethoven's symphony were performed very creditably. In Mendelssohn's *First Walpurgis Night*, the solo and chorus, "Now May again," was commenced unsteadily, Mr. Inkersall being out of time. Miss Newbound sang the *contralto* solo, "Know ye not a deed so daring," correctly. The most successful piece was the chorus of Druid guards, "Disperse, ye gallant men." The accompaniments are difficult, but were well executed. The *Wedding March* was rapturously re-demanded. The percussion instruments were, however, too loud, and marred the effect. In *Loreley* Mrs. Sunderland sustained the part of *Leonora*; and her invocation for help was given with dramatic effect. The band and chorus were together and in tune throughout *Loreley*; but in this, as well as in nearly all the choruses of the programme, the basses were too prominent. It seems to be forgotten that the Yorkshire bass voices are of nearly double power, compared to those of many other counties. Mr. Spark, the helmsman, as it were, guided his ship in a masterly manner.

**MANCHESTER.**—The Undress Concert, on Wednesday evening, the 31st. ultimo, was one of the most interesting we remember in the Manchester Concert Hall. *Egmont* is among the finest of Goethe's dramas. The great musician thought it worthy of his genius, and wrote an overture, music of action, and a couple of songs. It was desirable to hear this in the concert-room; and a poem founded upon leading points of the drama; and thereby weaving together the glorious music, was written by Frederick Mogenseil. The principal portion is recited—a vocalist being introduced for the songs, and the piece takes about fifty minutes in performance. The English version is from the pen of Mr. W. Bartholomew. Under the *baton* of Mr. Hallé and a talented orchestra, fair justice was done to this great work, and this was the first occasion on which it had been performed here. Madame Rudersdorff sang the songs with an intelligent appreciation. It would be unjust, amidst our enthusiasm for the music, to forget the reading of the recitatives by Mr. Walter Montgomery, that young actor who has recently made his *début* at our Theatre Royal, and of whose performances we have ventured to speak in high terms. The first part of the programme concluded with selections from *Idomeneo*, in which Mad. Rudersdorff and the chorus were engaged. The overture to *Ruy Blas* opened the second part; this was followed by Mad. Rudersdorff in "Batti,

batti." Then the "Elegie" by Beethoven, and the *finale* to Mendelssohn's *Loreley*, the difficult *soprano* solo admirably given by Mad. Rudersdorff. The concert was altogether satisfactory.—The fifth of the new series of Monday Evening Concerts took place on Monday evening at the Mechanic's Institution, and was numerously attended. The first part of the concert consisted of sacred music, selected from the oratorios of *The Messiah*, *The Creation*, *St. Paul*, and *Judas Maccabeus*. The choir, though efficient, was scarcely powerful enough for heavy choruses. The opening chorus, "The heavens are telling," was accompanied, as were all the sacred pieces, on the organ by Mr. Henry Walker. We may observe that the organ is somewhat out of repair, but we presume there is little chance of its defects being remedied so long as it remains in what a correspondent has designated a "tub" of a room. In the second part, which was miscellaneous, Herr Stemgreber played a "Tarantelle" by Michael Hauser, and was encored. The concert terminated with "Rule Britannia." Mr. Walker conducted.

**WOLVERHAMPTON.**—Mrs. J. Hayward's Annual Concert, on Tuesday night, was well attended. The programme was attractive, combining the artistic and the popular. Madame Anna Thillon's vocalisation was as sprightly as ever. Mr. Augustus Braham pleased us better than on the last occasion, and sang his songs with effect. The *beneficiaire* was encored in several pieces. Mr. H. Hayward on the violin, one of the most accomplished players in England, and Mr. Case on the concertina, were both heard with pleasure. Mr. Henri Drayton was most favourably received, and frequently encored.

**GLOUCESTER.**—(From our own Correspondent.)—The Gloucester Philharmonic Society commenced its second season last week in new and more commodious premises, under the conductorship of Mr. Amott, who has accepted the post, *vice* Mr. Taylor, resigned. There has been an advance made since last season, but the orchestra is still susceptible of improvement in many respects. The selection, better than any of last season, was as follows:—

"God save the Queen," overture, "La Gazza Ladra," Rossini; Symphony, No. 4, Haydn; quadrille, "Ernani," Jullien; overture, "Zaira," Winter; "Wedding March," Mendelssohn; Symphony, No. 1, Mozart; valse, "Rose de Mai."

It will be seen that the vocal element was entirely wanting, but it is proposed to remedy this in the course of the season. About the general execution we shall reserve comment until the society has had the opportunity of a little more practice; suffice it, the audience appeared pleased, and the "Wedding March" was encored. The attendance was numerous, despite the miserable weather, and we hear that the list of subscribers is very satisfactory, having considerably increased since last season.

**BOROUGHBRIDGE.**—A concert was given here on Monday evening, the 29th October. The first part consisted of a selection from Haydn's *Creation*; the principal parts were taken by Mrs. Sunderland, and Messrs. Barker and Lambert. The second part was a very judicious miscellaneous selection of classical and popular songs and glees, &c. Mrs. Sunderland sang with great effect in her songs, and was encored in Bishop's "Tell me, my heart." Mr. Lambert was also encored in Glover's spirited song, "Sebastopol is won" and warmly applauded in the song, "Brave British tars," by A. Eastes. Mozart's ever new and charming duet, "Why answer so demurely," received proper treatment in the hands of Mrs. Sunderland and Mr. Lambert, whose singing of it was rewarded with an encore. We may notice, among other pieces which were well received, Stevens' glee, "Some of my heroes;" Mozart's trio, "My sweet Dora-bella" (encored); and Webb's glee, "My pocket's very low." The room was filled by a highly respectable audience, who appeared to enjoy the musical treat provided for them. Mr. Dennis presided at the pianoforte.

**BOSTON.**—The latest news here is the concert of Miss Adelaide Phillips, which filled the Music Hall on the 10th. of October with a distinguished and discriminating assemblage. Miss Adelaide Phillips is a *contralto* of high reputation in America, and is only rated second to Alboni. Her finest efforts on the present occasion were the aria "Una voce poco fa," from the

*Barbiere*, and the contralto air "No, no, no," from the *Huguenots*, written expressly for Alboni. In both she was rapturously applauded.

WIESBADEN.—Herr Formes has appeared as Bertram in *Robert le Diable* with great success.

### REVIEWS.

SIX FOUR-PART SONGS—comprising No. 1—Serenade; 2—Spring-Time; 3—The Bee; 4—Mutability; 5—Philomela; 6—Gather ye Rose-buds: with a pianoforte accompaniment *ad libitum*. Poetry by W. Bartholomew, W. Drummond, Shelley, and Herriek; composed by Mrs. Mounsey Bartholomew.

These part songs are creditable to the authoress, since they are well written for the voices, easy, tuneful, and unaffected. The best is, in our opinion, No. 3—"The Bee," which opens with a very charming melody thoroughly English in tone, reminding us, indeed, of the manner of Arne, with a somewhat richer style of harmony. The words of Drummond, in which a bee mistakes a lady's lips for a rose, are well suited for music. "Philomela" (No. 5), which may be remembered at Hereford and Birmingham last autumn, is also entitled to praise for some of the qualities already cited, although the rhythm of the first section of the opening, which is otherwise extremely pretty, challenges to criticism, as being somewhat vague. The words of this are among Mr. Bartholomew's best. "Gather ye Rosebuds" (No. 6) to Herriek's exquisite lines, is simple, effortless, and in all respects irreproachable. "Mutability" (No. 4) has been treated with an evident sympathy for the poetry, no small compliment to Mrs. Bartholomew, the poet being Shelley. The passage beginning, "Virtue, how frail it is," and ending, "While eyes that change ere night, make glad the day," is very expressive. Still we must confess that, we should prefer—in what place Mrs. Bartholomew would be the fitter judge—a repetition, however modified, of the opening phrase. The "Serenade" (No. 1) and "Spring time" (No. 2) are commonplace, and the first especially, unworthy of association with the others. As part-writing for voices owes almost as much of its charm to purity of harmony as to grace and flow of melody, Mrs. Bartholomew would do well to avoid such "inequalities" as consecutive imperfect fifths between inner parts and bass (bars 1—2, Serenade), hidden octaves between the top line and bass (as in bars 7—8 of the same composition); and the too frequent use of abrupt transitions, which, in vocal harmony, are only effective when very sparingly introduced. These, however, are but minor blemishes to counterbalance so much prettiness as the part-songs before us display.

No. 1.—"THE QUIET GRAVE." Song. Words by H. M. Parker, Esq. Composed by George Russell.

No. 2.—"THE POWER OF MUSIC." Song. Composed by W. G. Longden.

No. 3.—"THE HOPES GONE BY." Song. Written by Charles Swain. Composed by Julie de Szczepanowska.

No. 4.—"HATH THE WORLD SO MUCH PERFECTION?" Song. Written by Charles Swain. Composed by Julie de Szczepanowska.

No. 5.—"WE PARTED IN SADNESS." Song. Composed by Alfred Beddoe.

The melody of No. 1—"The Quiet Grave"—shows musical feeling, and the accompaniment a laudable desire to avoid commonplace; but the latter exhibits a straining to attain the end proposed, which sometimes leads Mr. Russell into disagreeable chords and progressions—as in bar 1 of the symphony, where there is a false relation; and bar 2, in the last line of page 1, where a discord on a pedal bass is not satisfactorily prepared. Nor is the harmony at the beginning of bar 2, line 2, page 2, anything better than harsh. The first four notes of the melody, moreover, occur too frequently with the same progression of harmony, and become monotonous. All this, however, is better than flat commonplace, or absolute ispidity, as exhibited in No. 2—"The Power of

Music," by Mr. W. G. Longden,—which, so far as mere correctness goes, would be well enough, but for consecutive-fifths and octaves—the latter direct, the former implied, bars 1—2, page 2, line 2—and both, in spite of the contrary motion, unpleasantly apparent, in bars 4—5 of the same line and page.

Did No. 3—"The Hopes gone by"—offer any pretensions to be criticised, it might be similarly objected to; but it does not. The words of the two last quoted songs belong to the sentimental ballad-school, but have no other peculiarity.

In No. 4—"Hath the world so much perfection?"—Madame Szczepanowska takes a fair revenge in a really pretty ballad, with a tune that sings, and harmony that flows with purity. The words of Mr. Swain, too, are simple, and embody successfully a genuine poetical idea.

No. 5—"We parted in sadness," by Mr. Alfred Beddoe—is also attractive for the same reason; but is of a higher order the melody being unhaekneyed, and the accompaniment more than usually careful and well written.

No. 1.—"O THOU FAIR AND TENDER BLOSSOM" (*Il balen del suo sorriso*.) The celebrated air sung by Signor Graziani in *Il Trovatore*.

No. 2.—"THO' LOST TO SIGHT TO MEMORY DEAR." Words and Music by George Linley.

No. 3.—"THE GIPSY." Ballad. Composed by Venzano; written and arranged by George Linley.

No. 4.—"WILL SHE SPEAK TO ME NO MORE?" Ballad. Written and composed by George Linley.

No. 5.—"YES! MUSIC HAS A CHARM FOR ME." Ballad. Written and composed by Thomas J. Prout.

No. 6.—"DO WHAT IS RIGHT." Ballad. Written and composed by George Linley.

No. 7.—"THE WOOD-NYMPH." Cavatina. Written by George Linley; composed by W. Vincent Wallace.

No. 8.—"GOOD-MORROW." Song—sung by Signor Mario. The poetry by Charles Mackay, LL.D.; composed by Frank Mori.

No. 1 is the barytone air, which Signor Graziani sings with so much effect in Signor Verdi's popular opera, *Il Trovatore*, transposed half a tone lower, and set to some appropriately tender English verses.

No. 2—"Though lost to Sight, &c."—is in the smooth and unpretending style for which Mr. George Linley's ballads are specially noticeable.

No. 3—"The Gipsy"—is a transposition of the well-known valse of Venzano, which Madame Gassier has made so popular, but suited, as it stands, to what register of voice, female or male, it would be hard to say.

No. 4—"Will she speak to me no more?"—is much more creditable to Mr. Linley's musical talent than No. 2; the melody being far less common, and the harmony more *distingué*. In the words, however, Mr. Linley—for the hundredth time "forsaken"—wanders alternately where "wild flow'rs bloom," where "dews are weeping," and in some "silent tomb," with somebody "coldly sleeping," "who speaks to him no more." "Will she never"—asks Mr. Linley—"awaken?" *Qui sait!*

No. 5—"Yes, Music has a Charm for me"—is a ballad in F major (with consecutive-fifths between an inner part and the bass—in bars 1—2 of the last line of page 1), modelled evidently on the same pattern as some of the effusions of Messrs. Balfe and Wallace, but hardly with the same success as usually crowns the efforts, in the sentimental style, of those renowned Hibernian composers. The words are twaddle.

If Mr. Linley did "what is right," he would, "whatever betide," wait for his moments of inspiration, both as poet and musician, rather than put upon paper the first ideas that present themselves, good, bad, or indifferent—as in the case of No. 6—"Do what is Right,"—which we can only designate as a ballad the world might easily have spared.

No. 7—"The Wood Nymphs"—is a gay, sparkling song, written with Mr. Wallace's usual ability, but without the slightest pretensions to novelty. The tune, however, though not strikingly original, is easily caught, and as easily retained.



The words describe, with Mr. Linley's accustomed fluency, the life and habits of dryads.

No. 8—"Good-morrow," by Frank Mori, with some good, healthy words by Charles Mackay, is decidedly graceful; but it is odd that the idea of writing a ballad for such a voice as Mario's should not have inspired the clever composer with something more genial and new.

Mendelssohn's Two-part Song—"I WOULD THAT MY LOVE COULD SILENTLY FLOW"—transcribed for the pianoforte by Charles Voss.

What Herr Voss may mean by "transcribing" we do not care to know. The present "transcription" is simply an impertinent alteration of a simple and beautiful piece of music—an alteration worse than worthless, since it is mischievous. We warn every one against it who cares for Mendelssohn's music.

### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

#### ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Will you kindly inform me whether there is to be a King's Scholarship competed for at the Royal Academy of Music at Christmas next. I have been informed that there is not, and shall feel obliged if you will settle the point in your number of the *Musical World* for November 10th, and am, sir, yours respectfully,

Chepton, Nov. 1st, 1855.

B. JONES.

[We are not able to answer our correspondent's question. Perhaps the Academy may.—Ed.]

OPENING OF A NEW ORGAN AT CLAYTON.—On Wednesday there was divine service at the church at Clayton, near Bradford, on the occasion of opening a new organ, built by Mr. Holt, of Bradford, and purchased by subscription. The sermon in the morning was preached by the Rev. Hugh Stowell, M.A., of Manchester, and that in the evening by the Rev. J. Bardsley, M.A., also of Manchester. Full cathedral service was performed by a choir, comprising some of the most talented vocalists in Bradford, together with Mrs. Sunderland, and a number of boys from the choir of the Parish Church, at Leeds. Mr. Holt presided at the organ. Liberal collections were made in aid of the organ fund. The opening services are to be continued.

ADELPHI.—A new version of the burlesque '*Valentine and Orson*,' once so famous at the Adelphi Theatre (the joint production of Messrs. Albert Smith and Charles Kenney) was revived during the week with unmistakable success. The burlesque is condensed from two acts into one, and Mr. Albert Smith has altered and readjusted the jokes, the hits, and the allusions, so as to strike with becoming hardness against the follies and foibles of the present day. The piece has lost none of its salt, nor its savour; it is only as if you took your aitch-bone of beef out of pickle, and put it into brine. Albert Smith has taken *Valentine and Orson* out of pickle, and put it into brine. Keeley is immense as the hairy brother; and Mrs. Keeley appears with more than native grace as the hero Valentine. Verily, a goodly homespun travestie, or parody, has more mirth in its nonsense than ninety-nine vaudevilles, in all their spice-dialogues and elegant naturalities.

MUSICIANS SHOULD STUDY INTERCOURSE.—"There is one circumstance that might tend greatly to the repute and utility of music; which is, that the professors themselves would cultivate a sincere and friendly commerce with each other, and cherish that benevolent temper, which their daily employ, one should think, ought naturally to inspire. In truth, there is nothing enlarges the mind to every social and laudable purpose, so much as this delightful intercourse with harmony. They who feel not this divine effect, are strangers to its noblest influence: for whatever pretensions they may otherwise have to a relish or knowledge of its laws, without this criterion of the musical tone, all other pretended signatures of genius we may look upon as counterfeit.—*Avison on Musical Experience.*

### A MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT VENICE IN 1608.

"This feast consisted principally of musick, which was both vocall and instrumentall, so good, so delectable, so rare, so admirable, so superexcellant, that it did even ravish and stupifie all those strangers that never heard the like. But how others were affected with it I know not; for mine own part I can say this, that I was for the time even rapt up with St. Paul in the third heaven. Sometimes there sung sixteene or twenty men together, having their master or moderator to keepe them in order; and when they sung, the instrumentall musicians played also. Sometimes sixteene played together upon their instruments, ten sagbutt, foure cornets, and the two violdegambas of an extraordinary greatnesse; sometimes tenne, sixe sagbutt, and foure corneto; sometimes two; a cornet, and a treble viole. Of those treble viols I heard three severall there, whereof each was so good, especially one that I observed above the rest, that I never heard the like before. Those that played upon the treble viols, sung and played together, and sometimes two singular fellowes played together upon theorboes, to which they sung also, who yelded admirable sweet musicke, but so still that they could scarce be heard but by those that were very near them. These two theorbists concluded that night's musicke, which continued three whole howers at the least. For they beganne about five of the clocke, and ended not before eight. Also it continued as long in the morning: at every time that every severall musicke played, the organs, whereof there are seven faire players in that roome, standing all in a rowe together, plaid with them. Of the singers there were three or foure so excellent that I thinke few or none in Christendome do excell them, especially one, who had such a peerlesse and (as I may in a manner say) such a supernaturall voice for sweetnesse, that I thinke there was never a better singer in all the world, insomuch that he did not onely give the most pleasant contentment that could be imagined to all the hearers, but also did as it were astonish and amaze them.

"Truely I thinke that had a nightingale bene in the same room, and contended with him for the superioritie, something perhaps he might excell him, because God hath granted that little birde such a priveledge for the sweetnesse of his voice, as to none other; but I thinke he could not much. To conclude, I attribute so much to this rare fellow for his singing, that I thinke the country where he was borne, may be as proude for breeding so singular a person as Smyrna was of her Homer, Verona of her Catullus, or Mantua of Virgil: but exceeding happy may that citie, or towne, or person bee that possesseth this miracle of nature. These musicians had bestowed upon them by that company of Saint Roche an hundred ducats, which is twenty-three pound sixe shillings eight pence starling. Thus much concerning the musicke of those famous feasts of Saint Lawrence, the assumption of our Lady and Saint Roche."

—*Coriat's Crudities*, page 250.

### ADVERTISEMENTS.



AT GOODRICH'S CIGAR, TOBACCO, and SNUFF STORES (established 1780), 407, Oxford-street, London, near Soho-square. Box, containing 14 fine Sisal Cigars, for 1s. 9d., post free, 27 stamps. None are genuine unless signed "H. N. Goodrich."—A large stock of the most approved Brands.

CATHEDRAL CHIMES.—*Réverie* for the Pianoforte by Albert Lindahl, price 3s. Also, by the same composer, "*The Gondola*," 2s. 6d.

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**RUDOLF NORDMANN**. Genève, morceau brillant, founded on the sixth air of De Beriot. Price 2s. 6d.

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Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

**RIGOLETTO**.—"Bird of the Forest," the most beautiful melody in Verdi's Rigoletto, with English words by George Lane, price 2s., also, from the same opera, "Fair shines the moon to-night" (La Donna e mobile), 6th edition, price 1s.; and the quartet "Brighter than the stars above," price 3s. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

**LISZTS** celebrated Illustration of the PROPHETE.—"LES PATINEURS" will be performed by Professor Benedict Roef, of the Conservatoire de Musique at Brussels, on Monday evening, November 19th, at the Royal-Banquet of Science and Art, Leicester-square. Performances on the Pianoforte daily at 4.45, and evening at 9.45.

**UPWARDS OF 500 VOLS. OF MUSIC**, elegantly bound in calf, from the Library of the late W. W. Horz, Esq., including the Works of Kneuter, Dalayrac, Gluck, Winter, Haydn, Mozart, Handel, Nicolo, Boidien, Spontini, Auber, Grötry, etc., etc. MS. and printed Operas of the 17th and 18th centuries from the Library of Louis XIV., by Lully, Desmarais, Destouches, Campra, Bertin, Bourgeois, etc., etc. For a Catalogue, apply to Joseph Toller, Bookseller, Kettering.

**GUIDO**.—A splendid Picture by this master, in a fine state, "The Grecian Daughters," size 3 ft. by 2 ft. 10 in., in an elegant gilt frame, from Mr. Hope's collection.

**MR. COSTA'S "ELI"**.—Addison and Co. having purchased from the composer the copyright of the above oratorio, beg to announce its publication early in January, 1856. Price to subscribers, £1 5s.; non-subscribers, £1 11s. 6d.—210, Regent-street.

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